St. Johnsbury



Caledonian.

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[11] (ALEDONIAN. A Bread and Butter Paradise. JOHNSBURY, VT. a STONE & CO., Proprietors. cloor North of Court House. WILL BRADFORD, Publishers. the county, five cenes per quarter, or so, possible in advance at the office.

I stopped to peep through a crack in the shutter,

A street. Each subscriber will find on his non-community his address, the date to paid. When a nexpansion is made this drawed is correspond, and it the change eleven the first or second paper from small, we wish to be notified immediately.

And Tommy s-playing along the floor. and the of wilkinds done at living prices.—

a week space) one week, \$1,00 Well ! I was a feel to day, for sure, Johnsburu Business Cards. E. A. VARNEY, M. D. posts Bi glam's Drug Store, S. T. BROOKS, M. D., I IAN AND SURGLON.

O. S. BURKE, ATLORNEY AT LAW, G. B. BULLARD. 1 (1 ± N A N D S UR G E O N. A-winking contentedly on his back. . Bioglam's Drug Store. JOHN BACON, 2d. 12 15 Hibes, Learnell and oil, F. B. GAGE, ARTIST, HASBURY PURIRATE GALLERY.

WM. A. BAKER. HARAESS MAREE, west Avenue, - St. Johnsbury, V1. DR. F. H. FALES. SURGEON DENTIST. Male and Central Streets, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

VSI BANCE AGENT Office over Hall & Peck's Store. OLIVER T. BROWN. CLAIM AGENT, allowed to Law,

C. S. HADLEY. E & SIGN PAINTER, GLAZIER & PAPERER allroad Street, - - St. Johnsbury, Vt. DR. J. L. PERKINS. per of Main Street and Eastern Avenue. R. B. BLACKSTONE'S

MANUFACTURES, STEAM MILLS, Opposite Presencer Depot. Miscellancous Cards.

L. W. HUBBARD.

G. P. SPENCER, PASTS, GRAVESTONES, AND ORNAMENTAL Braden, . . - Vermont: HENRY C. BATES,

CASPIAN HOUSE, C. BEITER, PROPRIETOR

HIBAM A. CUTTING, Verm nt. IO. C. & GEO. W. CAHGON. WILLIAM W. GROUT, CLAIM AGENT, C THAT AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

then it. . . Vermous DR. G. W. MILES, DENTIST, some at his Drug Store, Lyndon, Vt. DUPEE, BECK & SAYLES,

. - ite Street, Baston, Mass. A Direct JAMES BICK. HENRY PAYLES THE GROVER & BAKER

STOCK BROKERS,

WING MACHINE COMPANY Man facturers of every variety of

TWING MACHINES. adapted to Family Use

mer Street, Boston, 4.5 Brandway, N. Y.

band-

GTON

LER OF THE WORLD SOAP! didn't notice anyway.

"I do not say . . . that it is the duty of great intellects to be content with a bread and Lotter paradise."

The window shutters in front were closed, \$2.50 But I saw shining the gleam of light. \$2.00 And I knew my Bessie had supper ready,

> And Bessie, dear Bessie, my darling wife, Stood turning the eggs in the spider a-frying ; And the clock a-ticking away on the bureau, And passy cut auder the stove alying.

A-looking at Congre-sman Bigg go by, And getting in envy of him and his plen y.

And thinking him all so much richer than I. He's got a big house of his own, I know, And money to buy him a dezen more : But he couldn't buy what's round my table ate bus less a certising adjected. When supper is eating, there's plates for four der, or other objects making a levy- Beesle, and Maggie, and Tommy, all mine! And the house and the furniture in it, too "Bless your brown eyes," says I, "my Bessle,

What wouldn't bigg give for a wife like you?" With that I opened the door, and sent My dinner pail rolling along the floor, "Why, John!" cries Bessie, "Hollow!" shouls Tommy "Come in," says Maggie, "and shut the door," "Why, mother," says I, with a father's joy, (b) (c) it al and Spring Streets.

A-ticking the dear lattle globe's hair;

"Who! the course women that all and "Who" this young woman that all on a sudden

Has got so shald of a bit of air ?" "h's he laby, papa," says my curly-head; And then to the supper, with him in his cradle, Then I thought again of Congressman Bigg, With his riches and honors, and sil that he's got, As I looked at Bessie, so clean and cheerful, A-pouring out tea from the bright tin pot.

And Jemmy is eating his bread and butter, And Maggie, my girlle, is eating bers; He never will give them a home that is worse. Watchman an Reflector.

[From the Atlantic Monthly for November.] IN THE GRAY GOTH.

ever have happened.

that winter of '11. I'd been out at it. turs the night before I went in. There, the moon shining round. PLAT CLADY AND INSURANCE AGENT. haul for the winter, -up, sometimes, a and put on a fresh log. down with the freshets on the logs, and think of,

I gave my finger a knock with the bear to see a woman erv : it goes against somebody did it. good natured when he's been green it that night. BAKER SEWING MACHINE CO. because it was my last night.

better than the tallow candle.

baby. I'm sorry it was smoking, but I said it, and I can't.

night before going in."

things that they don't say.

We sat down to supper as glum as stairs till it was smoked out. they are put out,-and then again some coming between us, too,

is n't in him. I can't say but she would no bigger than that lamp-wick. the fritters and the maple molasses, - other could come to hard words like that -seems to me that was the way, -I'm was just business to him, you know.

Where is the poker, Johnny? Can't I was all worked up about that lamp- better.

for the cows, and go into the stall to at last, she took her knitting and sat our first quarrel by any means. don't often have more than two or three like "Abimelech," though : for I didn't cloud of sonw flakes puffed up over the that was all I knew.

the creetures,-I remember just as plain going in, than to pick everything I do to done always. how Ben put his great neck on my pieces this way, and I tired enough to Well, I didn't sleep very well that dren to wait for the tea to boil. And i but two, -oxen are tougher for going in, seems to me, anyway. I don't know peeked out, this way, through my lashes,

that horse knew when the season came my arms all day. You ought to be up. The baby was worrying over his tried hard for it-how she was crying team on the ground. If it hadn't been There was a great figger up on the rock, meant to wake up then. Dear me !" round and I was going in, just as well as ashamed of yourself. Aaron Hollis !" teeth every half-hour, and Nancy getting away softly in the dark, so that none of for the saow, I might have put the thing about eight feet high; some folks thought says she, "to think what a couple of fools I did, -I tinkered up the barn-yard fence, Now if she had cried a little, very like up to walk him off to sleep in her arms, them could see her, to think of the words through in two days, but the snow was it looked like a man. I never thought we were, now ?" and locked the doors, and went in to I should have given up and that would -it was the only way you would be we'd said, and I gone in without ever up to the creatures' knees in the shady so before, but that night it did kind of "Namie," says I, "you can let the

knew what a fuss I made about it, and but a man never likes to hear that from day till come night, and I was hard put for we'd laid in more than usual. just as well as I did. I felt a mite lone- nying for her breakfast. "Bess" says I, looking as it looked at me just then.

MERICAN AND FOREIGN PATENTS.

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but I never saw her before, and I never been any words between us. cracked their jokes; then they had their think so poorly of her as to suppose she body could hear. I might call, and I

to choke me up with it this way the last still, so white I thought she would to sleep in his cradle, and had dropped know, to the ground; so we lay with and put her arms about my neck and I struck my arms out into the air, and

Nancy was a patient, gentle spoken "Aaron-" she began and stopped to as white as the sheet, from watching. our feet to the fire, -ten or twelve of us So I didn't mind about the snow, for then I crawled out once more into the sort of woman, and would bear a good catch her breath, "Aaron-" but she I stopped when I was dressed, half to a shanty, all round in a row. They planning it all out, till all at once I drift. deal from a fellow; but she used to fire couldn't get any farther; she just caught way out of the room, and looked round built the huts up like a baby's cob-house, looked up, and something slashed into I tell you, Johnny, I was a stoutup sometimes and that was more than hold of a little shawl she had on with at it,—it was so white, Johnny! It with the logs fitted in together. I used my eyes and stung me,—it was sleet. she could stand. "You don't deserve both her hands, as if she thought she could would be a long time before I should see to think a great deal about your mother, "Oho!" said I to myself, with a I could freeze. I could burn up there to be cared about, for speaking like that." hold herself up by it, and walked right it again, -five months were a long time; as I was saying; sometimes I would lie whistle, -it was a very long whistle, in that horrid place with fever. I could says she, with her cheeks as red as peat- out of the room. I knew she had gone then there was the risk, coming down in awake when the rest were off as sound Johnny; I knew well enough then it was starve. It wasn't death nor awfulness I to bed, for I heard her go up and shut the freshets, and the words I'd said last as a top, and think about her. Maybe no play-work I had before me till the sun couldn't face, -not that, not that; but I That was right before the children, the door. I stood there a few minutes night. I thought, you see, if I should it was foolish, and I'm sure I wouldn't went down, nor till morning either. Mary Ann's eyes were as big as saucers, with my hands in my pockets, whistling kiss it once, - I needn't wake her up, - have told anybody of it; but I couldn't and I'd spoken my last words to her, and little Nancy was crying at the top Yankee Doodle. Your mother used to maybe I should go off feeling better. So get rid of the notion that something have been half an hour since I'd eaten my very last: I had left her those to of her lungs, with the baby tuning in, so say men were queer folks, Johnny; they I stood there looking; she was lying so might happen to her or to me before five my dinner; I eat it driving, for I could remember, day in and day out, and year we knew it was time to stop. But stop- always whistled up the gayest when they still, I couldn't see any more stir to her monts were out, and I with those words n't bear to waste time. ping wasn't ending; and folks can look felt the wust. Then I went to the closet than if she had her breath held in. I unforgiven. and got another pipe, and I didn't go up can't get over wishing I'd done it, yet. Then, perhaps, when I went to sleep, and the trees were thin; there'd been a anything.

pump-handles; there were some fritters When I was a young man, Johnny, I round and went out and shut the door. and forth, up and down, in her night level places wound off among the trees. It mad with the fever and the thinking. -I never knew anybody beat your used to be that sort of a fellow that We were going to meet down at the gown and little red shawl, with the great one looked as much like a road as anoth- I fell down there like a log, and lay mother at fritters-smoking hot off the couldn't bear to give up beat. I'd acted post-office, the whole gang of us, and I heavy baby in her arms. stove and some maple molasses in one of like a brute, and I knew it, but I was had quite a spell to walk. I was going So it went along till come the last of visor down over my eyes to keep the mighty!" over and over, not knowing the best chiny teacups : I knew well too spunky to say so. So I say to my- in on Bob Stoke's team. I remember January, when one day I saw the boys sleet out, -after they're stung too much what it was that I was saying, till the enough it was just on purpose for my self, "If she won't make up first, I won't how fast I walked with my hands in my all standing round in a heap, and talking, they're good for nothing to see with, and words strangled in my throat. last night, but I never had a word to and that's the end on it." Very likely pockets, looking along up at the stars,- "What's the matter?" says I, say, and Nancy crumbed up the children's she said the same thing, for your mother the sun was putting them out pretty fast, "Pork's given out," says Bob, with a It began to be cold. You don't know push open the door. I crawled around bread with a jerk. Her cheeks didn't was a spirited sort of woman when her -and trying not to think of Nancy. Whistle. "Beadle got that last lot from what it is to be cold, you don't, Johnny, the hut on my knees, with my hands up grow any whiter; it seemed as if they temper was up; so there we were, more But I didn't think of anything else. Jenkins there, his son-in-law, and it's in the warm gentleman's life you've lived, over my head, shouting out as I did bewould blaze right up,-I couldn't help like enemies sworn against each other It was so early, that there wasn't sp'ilt. I could have told him that be- I was used to Maine forests, and I was fore, and fell, a helpless heap, into the looking at them, for all I pretended not than man and wife who had loved each many folks about to see us off: but Bob forehand. Never knew Jenkins to do used to January, but that was what I corner; after that I never starred. to, for she looked just like a picture, other true for fifteen years-a whole Stoke's wife,-she lived night he office, the fair thing by anybody vet."

It may seem very queer to you, John- on his shoulder. I don't know what dit- my face, like a woman's. That supper was a very dreary sort of ny-it did to me when I was your age, ference that should make with Bob "Cullen ha-u't made up his mind yet," like a knife into your cheeks, I could ed and grew anxious, and sent down supper, with the baby crying and Nancy and didn't know any more than you do, Stokes, but I snapped him up well, when says Bob, walking off. notice such things when he's angry-it the law books just grow up out of things their wives and babies standing in the But I went straight to Mr. Cullen, if I'd been in her place. I just eat up But how people that ever loved each sing, I thought the wind blew too hard, cobs," said he, speaking up quick; it trees, you could see the icicles a minute, shanty was made of, and kept up a little

use the best chiny cup, but I'm not just that amuses me, that really does amuse had a voice of my own in those days, I wouldn't have believed it, I never By-and-by I thought I had dropped -then a little spark. I blew at that sure-and then I took my pipe and sat me, for I never saw a young man nor a and had led the choir perpetual for five would have believed it, that I could have the relias : I looked at my hands, and I spark a long while,-I hadn't much young woman either, -and young men years. I watched her putting the children to and young women in general are very We weren't going in very deep; Dove Cullen looked round at me sharp. that it was time to get out and walk. wind blew in. One day I opened my bed : they make a great deal of noise, much like fresh hatched chickens, to my and Beadle's lots lay about thirty miles "Hilloa, Hollis." said he. "What's I didn't try much after that to look eyes, and Bess had fallen down in the sourming off of her lap and running mind, and know just about as much of from the nearest house; and a stragoling, to pay ?" round barefoot. Sometimes I used to the world, Johnny-well, I never saw lonely place that was too, five miles out "Nothing, thank you, sir," says I, and was fine, like needles, twenty of 'em in pushed out of the door somehow and If the wick of the big oil lamp had hold them and talk to them and help her one yet who didn't say that very thing, of the village, with nobody but a dog and walked off, whistling, been cut straight, I don't believe it would a bit, when I felt good natured, but I And what's more, I never saw one who a deaf old woman in it. Semetimes, as I had a little talk with Jim alone. He ing dark. Bess and Beauty knew the ing Bess, -I can't remember very well

you push back that for ard log a little ? wick, and thought, you see, if she hadn't But I say I had loved your mother ourselves. Dear, dear! Well, it doesn't make any feelings for me there was no need of true, Johnny, and she had loved me true. It took us two days to get there though, ed Mr. Cullen's pencil, and Holt tore me putting up overnight, in case I couldn't lagain I thought Mary. Ann. was there, much difference, does it! Something my having any for her, -if she had cut for more than fifteen years; and I loved with the oxen; and the teams were off a bit of clean brown paper he found reach the deaf old woman's. always seems to ail your Massachusetts. the wick, I'd have taken the babies : she her more the different year than I did the loaded down well, with so many axes in the flour-borrel, and I went of Bangor or were. I used to wonder if I wasn't fires; your hickory is green, and your hadn't cut the wick and I wouldn't take first and we couldn't have got along with- and the pork-barrels. It was one of your the trees with it alone. I built a little the winter before, walking just so beside dead, and hadn't made a mistake about maple is knarly, and the worms cat out the babies : she might see it if she want- out each other, any more than you could ugly gray days, growing dark at four fire for myself out of a huckleberry bush, his team, and he kept on walking, some that I was going too. ed to, and think what she pleased. I had get along if somebody cut your heart o'clock, with snow fin the air, when we and sat down there on the snow to write. folks said, after the breath was gone, and One day there was a noise. I had Let me see ; I began to tell you about been badly treated, and I meant to show right out. We had laughed together and hauled up in the local a great many noises, so I didn't work all day about our place, slicking It is strange, Johnny, it really does we'd been well together; we'd had our ber, especially the pines; Dove and per wouldn't hold much; but these were deal if I needn't have thought of that ing on the snow, and I didn't know but things up for to-morrow; there was a seem to me very strange, how easy it is hard times and our pleasant times right Beadle always had that done up prompt the words I wrote, -I remember every just then. But I did, and I kept walk- it was Gabriel or somebody with his two destroyers to the right, up stain, this Black, gap in the barn-yard fence to mend,-I in this world to be always taking care of along, side by side; we'd christened the in October. left that till the last thing, I remember, our rights. I've thought a great deal babies and we'd buried 'em, holding on It's queer, Johnny, how we do remem- and that more than twenty years ago: Pretty soon Bess stoped short. Beau- was a wolf.

-I remember everything, some way or about it since I've been growing old, and to each other's hand; we'd had grown ber things that ain't of no account; but "Dear tw was pulling on, -Beauty always did Pretty soon I looked up, and the door other, that happened that day, and there seems to me a good many things along year after year, through ups and I remember, as plainly as if it were ves- Nancy, I can't get over it, and I take pull on, but she stopped too. I couldn't was open : some men were coming in downs and downs and ups, just like one terday morning, just how everything them all back. And if anything hap-stop so easily, so I walked along like a and a woman. She was ahead of them pen, and the grape-vine needed an extra | But you see I hadn't found that out person, and there wasn't any more divid- looked that night, when the teams came pens coming down on the logs-" layer of straw, and the latch was loose in '41 and so I sat in the corner, and felt ing of us. But for all that we'd been up, one by one, and we went to work I couldn't finish that anyhow, so I just ears. I did stop then, or you would spring, and had my head against bear on the south barn door; then I had to very much abused. I can't say but what put out and we'd had our two ways and spry to get to rights before the sun went wrote "Aaron" down in the corner, and never have heard this story, Johnny. | neck, and her arm holding me up, and with are . . . Valuet. 12920'68 go round and take a last look at the Nancy had pretty much the same idea; and we'd had spoken our sharp words down. heep, and toss down an extra forkful for when the young ones were all in bed like any other two folks and this wasn't There were three shantles, -they look any more like "Aaron" than it did feet shot down like a plummet. A great sweet, warm breath all over me; and

have a talk with Ben, and unbutton the down the other side of the fire, sort of I tell you, Johnny, young folks they in one place,—they were empty, and the see a single letter I wrote,—not one. edge. There were rocks at my right Well, there was brandy, and there coop door to see if the hens looked warm turning her head round and looking up start in life with very pretty ideas, -very snow had drifted in : there was snow as After that I went to bed, and wished hand, and rocks at my left. There was was a fire, and there were blankets, and -just to tuck 'em up, as you might say, at the ceiling, as if she were trying her pretty ideas,-very pretty. But take it far as you could see,-down the carr- I was Jim Jacobs. I always felt sort of homesick—though I best to forget I was there. That was a as a general thing, they don't know any path, and all around, and away into the Next morning somebody woke me up I sat down, as weak as a baby. If I what; but warmer than all the rest I ield wouldn't have owned up to it, not even way she had when I was courting and we more what they're talking about than woods; and there was show in the sky with a push, and there was the boss. didn't think of Ben Gurnell then, I nev- her breath against my cheek, and her to Nancy-saving good by fto the cree- went along to huskings together, with they do about each other, and they don't now, setting in for a regular nor easter. "Why, Mr. Cullen!" says I, with a er thought of him. It roused me up a arms about my neck, and her long hair, know any more about each other than The trees stood up straight all around jump. now! it beats all, to think you don't Well, I kept on smoking, and she they do about the man in the moon, without any leaves, and under the bushes "Hurry up, man, and eat your break- know that I couldn't afford to sit down hands. what in good style and at reasonable know what I'm talking about, and you a kept on looking at the ceiling, and no- They begin very nice, with their new it was as black as pitch. humberman's son. "Going in" is going body said a word for a while, till by and carpets and teaspoons, and a little mend- "Five months," said I to myself,- with his cold." up into the woods, you know, to cut and by the fire burnt down and she got up ing to do, and coming home early eve- "five months."

nings to talk: but by and by the shine "What in time's the matter with you, "You and the pork must be back here where the rocks narrowed, built, as they she was crying. hundred miles deep, -in the fall and out "You're dreadful wasteful with the wears off. Then come the babies, and Hollis?" says Bob Stokes, with a great day after to-morrow-so be spry," said build their light houses, to warn folks to "But I will," says I, "for I'm sorry." in the spring; whole gangs of us shut up wood, Nancy," says I, bound to say worry and wear and temper. About slap on my arm; "you're giving that 'ere he. sar have monthly and the sometimes for six months, then something cross, and that was all I could that time they begin to be a little ac- ox molasses on his hay !" quainted, and to find out that there are Sure enough I was, and he said I acted It was just eight o'clock when I start- was of no account, coming on it suddenly. hadn't made up, Naunie.' all summer to work the farm, -a merry "Take care of your own fire, then," two wills and two sets of habits to be like a dazed creatur, and very likely I ed: it took some time to get breakfast, There was no going any farther that "O dear!" said she; and down fell a

sort of life when you get used to it, John- says she, throwing the log down and fitted somehow. It takes them anywhere did. But I couldn't have told lob the and feed the mags, and get orders. I night, that was clear; so I put about in- great hot splash right on my face. av ; but it was a great while ago, and standing up as staight as she could stand, along from one year to three to get jostl- reason. You see, I knew Naney was stood there, slapping the snow with my to the hut, and got my fire going, and Says I, "It was all me, for I ought to it seems to me as it it must have been "I think it's a pity it you haven't any- ed down together. As for something just drawing up her little rocking chair whip, crazy to be off, hearing the last of Bess and Beauty and I, we slept togeth- have gone back and kissed you." very cold. So when I'd said good-by to thing better to do, the last night before off, there's more or less of that to be -the old one with a green cushion-close what Mr. Cullen had to say.

shoulder and whinnied like a baby, drop, carrying that great crying that great cryin have been the end of it, for I never could hushed up, and you'd lie and yell till making of them up. I was sorry for places all along; off from the road, in stare in through the door as natural as lamp smoke all you want to I

hammer, which may have had something the grain. But your mother wasn't one Now, it wasn't many times since we'd she was thirty miles away, and couldn't foot measure down anywhere. So they When I woke up in the morning I begun that other night, "Aaron-" but to do with it, for a man doesn't feel very of the crying sort and she didn't feel like been married that I had let her do that let her know. thing all night long. I used to have a If I could have sent her a scrap of a day night. enough to do a thing like that, and he She just stood up there by the fireplace way of getting up to take my turn, and letter, or a message, or something, I Bess and Beauty—they were the hor- was swollen up so I couldn't swallow any more, do you? doesn't like to say it aches either. But as proud as Queen Victory,-I don't sending her off to sleep. It isn't a man's should have felt better. But there wasn't ses, and of all the ugly nags that ever I without strangling. I crawled up to my But sometimes I think, Johnny, when if there is anything I can't bear it is blame her, Johnny, -O no, I don't blame business, some folks say. I don't know any chance of that this long time, unless saw Beauty was the ugliest-started off feet, and every bone in me was stiff as a it comes my time to go, -if ever it does, lamp-smoke; it always did put me out, her; she had the right of it there, I anything about that; maybe, if I'd been we got out of pork or fodder, and had to on a round trot, slewing along down the shingle. ANUFACTURING PURPOSES and I expect it always will. Nancy ought to have been ashamed of myself; broiling my brain in book learning all send down,—which we didn't expect to, hill; they knew they were going home Bess was looking hard at me, whin- first thing I shall see will be her face,

We had two pretty rough weeks' work by the snow was so dead still, and there very slow, "we must get home-to-night as the roughly established years ago. The mast two pietry rough weeks work by the show was so dead sain, and there very slow, "we had two pietry rough weeks work by the show was so dead sain, and there very slow, "we had two pietry rough weeks work by the show was so dead sain, and there very slow, "we had two pietry rough weeks work by the show was so dead sain, and there very slow, "we had two pietry rough weeks work by the show was so dead sain, and there very slow, "we had two pietry rough weeks work by the show was so dead sain, and there very slow, "we had two pietry rough weeks work by the show was so dead sain, and there very slow, "we had two pietry rough weeks work by the show was so dead sain, and there very slow, "we had two pietry rough weeks work by the show was so dead sain, and there very slow, "we had two pietry rough weeks work by the show was so dead sain, and there very slow, "we had two pietry rough weeks work by the show was so dead sain, and there very slow, "we had two pietry rough weeks work by the show was so dead sain, and there very slow, "we had two pietry rough weeks work by the show was so dead sain, and there very slow, "we had two pietry rough weeks work by the show was so dead sain, and there is no pietry rough weeks work by the show was so dead sain, and there is no pietry rough weeks work by the show was so dead sain, and there is no pietry rough weeks work by the show was so dead sain, and there is no pietry rough weeks work by the show was so dead sain, and there is no pietry rough weeks work by the show was so dead sain, and there is no pietry rough weeks work by the show was so dead sain, and there is no pietry rough weeks work by the show was so dead sain, and there is no pietry rough weeks work by the show was so dead sain, and there is no pietry rough weeks were the show was so dead sain, and there is no pietry rough weeks were the show was so dead sain. of the control of the ed the company lamp on purpose, too, but no matter what I said, I guess. A back in the potatoe patch since morning? er saw their like, before or since. It The clouds had an ugly look,—a few out into a great drift, and slamed back. Military and Biblical Institutor of Ken-I liked it man's quarrels with his wife always make so she'd broken her's over the oven; and seemed as if there'd never be an end to flakes had fallen already, and the snow I squeezed through and limped out. The tucky, thus records one result of the deme think of what the Scripture says what if I did need nine hours' sound them. Storm after storm, blow after was purple, deep in as far as you could shanty stood up a little, in the highest feat of negro suffrage in Ohio; So I came in, stamping off the snow, about other folks not intermeddling, sleep ! I could chop and saw without it blow, freeze after freeze; half a day's see under the trees. Something made part of the Goth, I went down a little, The Fakulty uv the Institute met Banches in all the Principal Cities. and they were all in there about the fire, They're things, in my opinion, that don't next day, just as well as she could do the sunshine, and then at it again! We me think of Ben Gurnell, as I drove on, I went as far as I could go. There next mornin' for the purpus uv revisin' -the twins, and Mary Ann, and the concern anybody else as a general thing, ironing, to say nothing of my being a were well tired of it before they stopped: looking along down the road to keep it was a pole lying there, blown down in the Scripters. It was desided that the

The Patent office Washington comes as good and she with those blue veins on her brisk, --lumbermen are n't the fellows to that was; he had been out hunting up Just six feet. the act of test. I went back to Bess and Beauty, and vativ Republikins. We made progress, were the baby, then, I believe, Johnny: and patient tempered a woman as ever forchead. Howsomever that may be, I be put out for a snow-storm,—cutting blazed trees, they said, and wandered I went back to Bess and Beauty, and vativ Republikins. We made progress, the set of specific or it's not a time I like to think about :

The room was so first a single for the same of the

the string of th CHAS MASON.

Commissioner of Patents.

Commi

"Dear me!" said she, lighting a canyou could understand the rest without. night, except the coffee, and we had fixed Nancy nights, when we were sitting up usual, for I was thinking of Nannie,—
and fell over it like a baby. The trial of B. H. Paine for murder when the cold in on world if I could anyway forget it; but I get off without waking her, if the baby middle of the hut, you know, with a hole when she was a girl, but it seems a long had a fever in my life, and its not strange commences at Nashville, Tenn., to-day. baby. I'm sorry it was smoking, but I said it, and I can't.

was very bad. At least, that was the in the roof to let the smoke out. When time ago, that does. I was thinking that I shouldn't have known before.

Well, I've seen your mother look 'most way I wanted it; but she stuck to it she supper was eaten, the boys all sat up how surprised she'd be, and pleased. I lit came all over me in a minute, I negro, attempting to prove that he is a fretting and taking on so the last hour, I all sorts of ways in the course of her life should be up,-that was before there'd around it, and told stories, and sang, and knew she would be pleased. I didn't think. I couldn't shovel through. No- beast, and has no soul.

"That's just what you ought to have saw her since, look as she looked that The room was very gray and still,—I backgammon and cards; we got sleepy wasn't just as sorry now as I was for might shout. By and by the fire would The first quality of Baldwin apples

into a nap, poor thing! with her face our heads in under the little eaves, and cry, and couldn't help herself,

Some women always are pretty when winter, and danger, and death perhaps, just across the road,-she was there to "Who's going down!" said I, stop- The wind blew from the ocean, straight nights, I have no more notion than the

getting up between the mouthfuls to -how folks can work themselves up into he came along, and said good morning. Now you see there wasn't a man on runners, crisp, turned to ice in a minute. -But no matter, no matter about that walk up and down the room with him ; great quarrels out of such little things ; There were twenty-one of us just, on the ground who wouldn't jump at the I reached out to give Bess a cut on the I used to scoop up a little snow when he was a heavy little chap for a ten- but they do, and into worse, if it's a man that gang, in on contract for Dove and chance to go; it broke up the winter for neck, and the sleeve of my coat was stiff I woke up from the stupors. The bread month-old, and I think she must have who likes his own way, and a woman Beadle. The boys went off in good them, and sometimes they could run in as pasteboard before I bent my elbow up was on the other side of the fire; I been tuckered out with him all day. I that knows how to talk. It's my opin-spirits, singing until they were out of home for half an hour, driving by; so again. didn't think about it then: a man doesn't ion, two thirds of all the divorce cases in sight of town, and waving their caps at there wasn't much of a hope for me. If you looked up at the sky, your eyes one day; I saw her. Then the wood windows along on the way. I didn't "Too late! Just promised Jim Ja- shot them. If you looked in under the my nails from the old rotton logs the

I rather think I was, Johnny.

them then. O Johnny, I was sorry, and among the gullies, you could stick a four life.

But I was just too proud, and I turned I would dream about her, walking back clearing there years ago, and wide, white I think I must have gone pretty nearer, for the matter of that. I pulled my groaning, "God Almighty! God Al-I must see, if I meant to keep that road. Next day I was to weak so much as

say good by, kissing of him, and crying ping short. I felt the blood run all over as an arrow. The sleet blew every way, dead. I knew afterwards; when I knew -into your eyes, down your neck, in how they waited and expected and talkfeel the snow craunching in under the home to see if I was there, and how she

were shut with a snap as if somebody'd was used up. I clawed out chips with and the purple shadows. If you looked blaze. By and by I couldn't pull any seems to me I told her she ought not to you don't see ? Well, ha, ha ! Johnny, sure there must have been a reason, for I I turned off, and I didn't say a word. straight ahead, you couldn't see a thing, more. Then there was only some coals, telt so cut about such a little thing, was holding them tight. I knew then breath. One night it went out and the ahead; it was of no use, for the sleet corner, dead and stiff. Beauty had

your eve at a wink : then it was grow- gone. I don't think I cared about seejust sat and smoked and let them alone. could get it into his head that folks knew I was telling you, we had been in a hun- said he would take good care of some- road as well as I did, so I had to trust Sometimes I thought Nancy was there dred miles from any human creature but thing I'd give him, and carry it straight. to them. I thought I must be coming in the plaid shawl, walking round the So when night came I went and borrow- near the clearing where I'd counted on ashes where the spark went out. Then

cried together; we had been sick, and trees were blazed pretty thick, I remem- noise and singing. The little brown pa- sleigh-poles. I would have given a good take much notice. It came up craunch-

tolded the brown paper up. It didn't Two paces, -and those two hundred her cheek down to mine, with her dear,

bit, perhaps, for I had the sense left to which she had wrapped all in, about my I must have passed without seeing ; it nie ." said I. was just at the opening of the place one side. There was a log or something put up after Gurnell went over, but it

by the fire, sitting there with the chil- They gave me two horses,-we hadn't It was an outlandish name to give it, wasn't asleep, not any such thing. I

didn't look for me back before Wednes- thought I was on fire. I stirred and she didn't finish and- Well, well, no turned over, and I was ice. My tongue matter; I guess you dont want to hear

I was off very large for the far are so thick you don't mind the property for the far are so thick you don't mind the property for the far are so thick you don't mind the that's the truth, if ever I spoke a true I don't think it could have been much affect of the far and tiptop supper as the far and tipto

shouted out her name, and yelled it out.

hearted man, who'd never known a fear. loved her true, I say,-I loved her true, upon year, as long as she remembered The road wasn't broken there an inch. her husband, as long as she remembered

How many days had gone, or

couldn't reach round. Beauty eat it up

and Isaac, and the baby. But they nev-

machine, up on a line with the creatures' all, she was : she came in with a great

the sky overhead. I was in Gray Goth ! there was hot water, and I don't know

fast," said he; "Jacobs is down sick just yet, and I remembered a shanty that | So by and by my voice came. "Nan-

"O don't !" said she, and first I knew "Well, so am I," says she.

-I've waited a good while for it -the

NEW EDITION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

voosed by the Dimocracy and Conser-

that sides what you ought to make the stuff, and you of the stuff, and the baby's and turned in under the roof with our enough how she would jump and throw of did not know. Nancy and I should Thursday and sold in open market for know how I hate the stuff, and you cheeks, as if somebody had thrown cold cy's clothes on a chair, and the baby's and turned in under the roof with our enough how she would jump and throw cy did not know. Nancy and I should Thursday and sold in open market for ought to have cared more about me than water on it, and she stood there stock shoes lying round. She had got him off blankets. The roof sloped down, you down her sewing with a scream, and run never kiss and make up now.